A SATYR.

HIS Holineſs has Three Grand Friends
On our *Great Britains* ſhore,
That promote his (and their own) ends,
A D. a Judge, a Whore.

The D. is true as Stubborn-Steel
To the Pope, that Infallible Elf;
Therefore no Friend to Common Weal,
More than unto himſelf.

The Judge is a baſe Butchers Son,
Moſt ſhy of nocent Blood;
But for Ten thouſand pound has done
The Pope a deal of good.

'Twas he that Villain *Wakeman* clear'd,
Who was to have Poyſon'd the King,
As plain to all but Twelve appear'd;
For which he deſerves to ſwing.

Then *Portſmouths* Frenchified-Bitch,
That Damn'd Papiſtick-Drab;
An ugly, and moſt naſty Witch,
Eat up with Mange and Scab.

This *French* Hag's Pocky Bumb
So pow'rful is of late;
Although it is both Blind and Dumb,
It Rules both Church and State.